

## Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1. Gent. Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of Hungaries.

2. Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2. Gent. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he faz'd.

1. Gent. Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thank-giuing before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praises for peace.

2. Gent. I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleue thee: for I thinke thou neuer wast where Grace was said.

2. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1. Gent. I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace is Grace, despite of all controuersie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despite of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lifts, and the Veluet. Thou art the Lift.

1. Gent. And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-peece warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyft of an English Kersey, as be pild, as thou art pild, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of chine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue forget to drinke after thee.

1. Gent. I thinke I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2. Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes. I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe, As come to

2. Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2. Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. Gent. I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. Gent. Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Ciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth fiftie thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1. Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with childe.

Luc. Beleue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was euer precise in promise keeping.

2. Gent. Besides you know, it drawes something neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. Exit.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweate, what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clow. A Woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clow. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howses in the Suburbs of Vienna must bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clow. They shall stand for seed: they had gon down to, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

Clow. To the ground, Mistris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what shall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: lie bee your Tapster still; courage, there will bee pittie taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almost out in the seruice, you will bee considered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw?

Clow. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Prouost to prison: and there's Madam Juliet.

Exeunt.

## Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouost, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.

Claw. Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th' world? Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euill disposition,

But from Lord Angelo by speciall charge.

Claw. Thus can the demy-god (Authority) Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight

The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will, On whom it will not (foe) yet still 'tis iust. (Straint.)

Luc. Why how now Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claw. From too much liberty, (my Lucio) Liberty As surfet is the father of much fast,

So euery Scope by the immoderate vse Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue

Like

## Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought, Beleue not that the dribbling dart of Loue Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I desire thee To giue me secret harbour, hath a purpose More graue, and wrinkled, then the aimcs, and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you

How I haue euer lou'd the life remoued

And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies

Where youth, and cost, witlesse brauery keepe.

I haue deliuer'd to Lord Angelo

(A man of stricture and firme abstinence)

My absolute power, and place here in Vienna,

And he supposes me trauail'd to Poland,

(For so I haue strew'd it in the common care)

And so it is receiv'd: Now (pious Sir)

You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We haue strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,

(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,)

Which for this foureteeen yeares, we haue let slip,

Euen like an ore-growne Lyon in a Caue

That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,

Hauiing bound vp the threatening twigs of birch,

Onely to sticke it in their childrens sight,

For terror, not to vse: in time the rod

More mock'd, then fear'd: so our Decrees,

Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,

And libertie, plucks Iustice by the nose;

The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite athwart

Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace

To vnloose this tyde-vp Iustice, when you pleas'd:

And it in you more dreadfull would haue seem'd

Then in Lord Angelo.

Duk. I doe feare: too dreadfull:

Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people scope,

'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them,

For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done

When euill deedes haue their permissiue passe,

And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father)

I haue on Angelo impos'd the office,

Who may in th' ambush of my name, strike home,

And yet, my nature neuer in the fight

To do in slander: And to behold his sway

I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,

Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me

How I may formally in person beare

Like a true Frier: Moe reasons for this action

At our more leysure, shall I render you;

Onely, this one: Lord Angelo is precise,

Stands at a guard with Enuie: scarce confesses

That his blood flowes: or that his appetite

Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we see

If power change purpose: what our Seemers be.

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Exit.

Scena